

NOVEMBER 18, 1934

GUEST, DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

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AMERICAN-BOSCH RADIO EXPLORER'S CLUB

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5:30 - 5:45 P.M.

NOVEMBER 18, 1934

SUNDAY

(SIGNATURE..... "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE" ACCORDION)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting...the weekly meeting of the American-Bosch
Radio Explorer's Club!

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ANNOUNCER:

Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND WAVE EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the-
World Radio!

(GUST OF WIND)

CAPTAIN BARKER:

Ahoy there, boys and girls! This is Captain James P. Barker speaking. Rouse out Mother and Dad for today's muster of the American Bosch Radio Explorers Club. Through the courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History our guest today is young David Dinney Putnam who will take us to the lonely Galapagos Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

Speaking of the Pacific, brings back a voyage from Panama to Honolulu when we sailed over a part of the Pacific Ocean known as the doldrum belt, a vast tropical zone of calms where terrific squalls sometimes spring up without warning and depart just as suddenly.

I will recall a certain night when our ship the Tusitala was lying becalmed a few miles off Cocos Island. The old ship's sails hung limp and lifeless, as the mate and I stood talking on the poop.

"This passage is getting my goat, Captain," he said to me. "If we don't get a breeze pretty soon I'll go crazy!"

He had barely finished speaking when a strange sound, like the hiss of escaping steam, came across the sea. "Do you hear that, sir?" he asked in astonishment.

"Up cro'jick and mains'l!" I roared. "All hands on deck! Get every stitch of canvas off her!"

In the mate's eye was the dread of the unknown as he dashed madly down the poop ladder. There was not a moment to lose. The hissing had increased to a fierce drone. Some tremendous atmospheric disturbance was hurtling down upon us with the speed of an express train.

Even as the shouts of the men came to me from the main deck the Tusitala lay over till she buried her lee rail in the sea. There was a report like a thunderclap, another and another. Then suddenly...silence. Slowly the ship righted herself, and a faint moaning sound came out of the darkness far down to leeward.

A moment later the mate rushed aft. "Three jibs carried away clean as a whistle," he announced. "Blazes, sir, what was it?"

"Mister," I replied, "You asked for a breeze, and you got it. That was a whirlwind!"

Well now, on with our meeting!

Today we have with us David Binney Putnam who has had more experiences on real expeditions than any other boy in America. The frozen arctic....South American jungles...the Galapagos Islands....have all been visited by him. At the age of 18.. just think of it, 18...he was a veteran explorer and sailed his own little schooner to Greenland.

Here's our friend Hans Christain Adamson, of the American Museum of Natural History, who will interview David Binney Putnam....,Mr, Adamson.

ADAMSON: Thanks Captain Barker....and now David Putman, the time has come to talk of many things...if the sea is boiling hot or whether pigs have wings...and similar fantastic things.

PUTNAM: Well, pigs may not have wings, but I've seen the sea so boiling hot -- that it bubbled like water on a stove.

ADAMSON: You mean ocean water -- actually boiling?

PUTNAM: Yes -- siree --

ADAMSON: Huh -uh -- and I presume you also saw a lot of boiled fish --- .

PUTNAM: That's right. I saw a lot of fish and other creatures that had been killed by the seething water.

ADAMSON: Now wait a minute -- are you kidding -- for if you are, we had better stop right now -- who ever heard of a boiling ocean?

PUTNAM: Well, Hans, I'm not kidding. I did see a boiling ocean and if you don't believe me, ask Dr. Beebe -- who saw it -- or Professor Gregory at the American Museum -- for he saw it too.

ADAMSON: Oh -- I don't doubt you. But it sounds so wierd I think you had better tell us all about it.

PUTNAM: Very well -- if you want the wheres -- the whens -- and the whys -- I'll give them to you.

Where -- in the Galapagos Islands which lie in the Pacific some 400 miles west of South America.

When -- on June 14th 1926 when the Beebe Expeditions' ship -- the Arcturus -- was heading home after many months of exploration.

And why -- why was the sea boiling hot? -- Because a volcano was pouring tons and tons of red hot lava into the sea. The swiftly moving rivers of liquid fire made the water near the shore so hot that nothing could live in it.

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ADAMSON: Whoa -- feller -- not so fast. That sounds like a thrilling tale. Suppose you start at the beginning and take it easy.

PUTNAM: All right. The story begins about 10 o'clock in the morning. We were all below having breakfast when suddenly the fog-horn let loose a series of blasts. We hurried on deck and saw a huge cloud of steam rising from the sea off toward the horizon.

ADAMSON: That must have been some sight. ...but where was it?

PUTNAM: Well, we were cruising along the northeastern shore of Albemarle -- one of the larger islands in the Galapagos group. From our position it looked as if the steam were rising from the sea just beyond Cape Marshal. Of course we were pretty excited -- first wondering what it could be, and even more curious when we realized that it must be a volcano.

ADAMSON: What a thrill that must have been. I presume you put on full steam and headed right for the spot?

PUTNAM: We certainly did, but the old Arcturus was no racing yacht. In our impatience it seemed as if we could swim faster than the ship could travel. As we came closer the Drama of Creation became more spectacular and impressive. Now and then, through the fog of steam and the clouds of smoke we caught glimpses of red rivers of flaming fire rushing over the black volcanic rock, and tumbling down the steep cliffs like a burning Niagara.

ADAMSON: Rivers of flaming lava! How many were there?

PUTNAM: Oh several. They kept on changing. Once, for instance, a broad current split itself into five flaming streams! Say! That part of the island was a regular inferno. The red rivers seemed to roar down to the sea -- a constant barrage of exploding lava bombs, but strangely enough we couldn't hear a thing. It was like looking at a silent motion picture of a big battle.

ADAMSON: But how in the world do you account for that?

I always thought a volcano made a lot of noise.

PUTNAM: It does, but a strong on-shore wind muffled all sound.

Also it swept the smoke and clouds away from us, and that was a good thing, too, because those clouds were undoubtedly full of all kinds of gases. The ocean itself was a marvelous spectacle. A huge strip, which ran some 300 yards from land out to sea, was a vivid, brilliant green, while the rest of the water remained its usual blue.

ADAMSON: I presume those changes were caused by chemical reaction set up by the red-hot lava?

PUTNAM: Probably. That was the strip of ocean I spoke about when I said the sea was boiling hot. We didn't dare venture too near to the island. The high wind and the rough sea made it too dangerous. But we did enter into the green strip, and took water temperatures. And here's something odd

PUTNAM: Once, when the bow of the Arcturus was lying in blue water and its stern in green water, the temperature of the green water was 99 degrees hot, which is a nice hot bath, while the blue water was only 78 degrees.

ADAMSON: Just a nice temperature for a cooling plunge. But what about the fish?

PUTNAM: Well, Hans, that was a pretty exciting drama in itself -- and sad, too. Once a wave rolled by so full of escaping fish that it was black as ink. They had sense enough to flee - instinct, I suppose. A few minutes later a tremendous octopus swept by, its slimy tentacles floating near the surface, - but no creature had anything to fear from that fellow any more for he had almost been boiled to death. Now a shark came by and he was looking rather groggy. He swam straight towards shore and straight towards suicide, not understanding why the water was hotter and hotter.

ADAMSON: In other words, when you said that the water temperature was 99 degrees at the outer edge of the green water you really meant that the closer to shore, the hotter the water!

PUTNAM: Of course, and we saw plenty of proof of its killing heat. Once a poor sea lion flung itself into the air near one of the terrible lava streams -- five times it leaped in its agony and then disappeared for good. The only creatures who enjoyed this Roman holiday were the birds.

ADAMSON: Birds? What in the world did they have to do with it?

PUTNAM: Why, there were soaring and swooping over the steaming water near shore feeding greedily upon the cooked fish that floated near the surface. You would think the birds would be scared off by the steam and smoke the awful hissing sounds of liquid fire plunging into water, and the exploding lava bombs, but they weren't. There were hundreds of them --- frigate birds, sheerwaters, petrels and other kinds. Some of them paid dearly for their food when they plunged into the steaming cauldron, for we saw several dead birds on top of the water. We spent the whole day making observations. When night came we set course for Panama, for this was the last day of the Expedition and we were heading home.

ADAMSON: Well - you certainly left the Galapagos with something to remember.

PUTNAM: Yes - and just in time. ...It's not pleasant to think what might have happened if we'd seen the volcano in action on the 15th of June instead of the 14th.

ADAMSON: But what is a day more or less in the life of a volcano?

PUTNAM: Well, only this - perhaps none of us would have lived to tell the tale. You see, the day after we left the volcano, the steering gear broke.

ADAMSON: The steering gear! ---- Why, that's trouble with a capital "T".

PUTNAM: Yes sir - and I don't think it'll be necessary to draw a diagram showing what would have happened if the break-down had occurred while we cruised in front of the volcano. With the steering gear gone and a strong on-shore wind, the Arcturus would have drifted helplessly toward shore. Remember, she is made of wood. There would have been one terrible moment as the flaming lava struck her deck and sides -- and then -- the end of the ship and perhaps of us.

ADAMSON: Well, David, I'm glad for your sakes you had that day of Grace. You know, at the outset of our talk, you referred to the volcano as a "Drama of Creation." I thought volcanos were always destructive.

PUTNAM: Not always, Hans. Don't forget that numerous islands in the Pacific are of volcanic origin. They were pushed out of the sea, black and bare at first. Then as they grow older, grass and other vegetation, changed them from black to green, and presently nature had made another spot for life to thrive.

ADAMSON: Yes - true enoughWell, thank you very much, David. I am sure that thousands of boys and girls from 8 to 80 had a grand time going voyaging with you this afternoon. And now Captain Barker, here's the microphone.

BARKER: Thank you Hans. Who's our guest explorer next Sunday?

ADAMSON: Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, Minister to Denmark from the United States...and she's going to give us the biggest exploration scoop of the year, namely, her own first-hand story of her explorations in Greenland this fall

BARKER: Well that's something to look forward to. By jove, I wish each and every one of you in the radio audience could be right here beside me in the studio. You could meet our friends from the American Museum personally. And you could see with your own eyes the very handsome gifts which are sent free to everyone enrolling in the American-Bosch RadioExplorers Club. First, there's the membership button and a little beauty it is. The here's the membership certificate, suitable for framing, which bears a reproduction of my old ship, the British Isles. But that's not all. In addition every new member, receives this valuable radio map of the world listing the locations of over 800 important short wave stations. Yes, sir-e-e-, membership in the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club is mighty enjoyable, let me tell you, Here is what Harold Mohr, a new member from Brooklyn, New York, writes about it: "I was certainly excited when I received my membership button, certificate and map of the world. Just between you and me, my dad liked the map almost as much as I did. I'm surely going to tell every boy and girl I know to jump at this chance to join the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club and get all these wonderful things." Well, every boy and girl from coast to coast - and grown-ups too - can join, and here's Ben Grauer to tell you how easy it is to do so. So I'll say clear sailing to you until next Sunday.

ANNOUNCER: To join the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American-Bosch, American B O S C H, Springfield, Massachusetts. And listen to this: Those enrolling this week will receive an extra gift...an autographed photo showing David Binney Putnam shooting the sun with a sextant. So be sure to enroll at once.

The other day I watched a friend tuning his new American-Bosch Round-the-World Radio. It was a real experience for him. Within a few minutes we listened to a Rumba from Havana, a symphony from Berlin and a bit of a musical comedy straight from London, England. Believe me, he was thrilled--almost as thrilled, I imagine, as our guest explorer, young David Binney Putnam during his own explorations. You, too will have a great time of it when you spin the dials of your round-the-world radio.... when you too explore the air waves from Shanghai to Sydney, Australia...from Rome to Rio de Janeiro. The new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios are on display at your dealers. Console models, Table models, attractive little Personal models -- look them all over and choose the one that best suits your purse and purpose. Remember, American-Bosch radio embodies engineering improvements...such as the exclusive Multi-Wave Selector, and style features...such as Right-Angle-Tuning...found in no other radio sets anywhere at any price.

ANNOUNCER: Look and listen to these new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios -- at your dealer's. There are rumors that American-Bosch is going to send a wonderful Christmas gift free of charge to every member of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. Maybe I'll know more about it next week....but I'm telling you now so that if you are not already a member you can send in your application promptly.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)

ANNOUNCER:

The American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club meets here every Sunday afternoon, with Captain James P. Barker in command. Next week a trip to Greenland with the Honorable Ruth Bryan Owen, American Minister to Denmark. She will be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson.

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